

glorious days life had been nothing to him but labour and sorrow. Now that he was leaving it himself, he had not even the satisfaction of hoping that his country and his son would see better times, for he knew the character of the men to whose tender mercies they would be committed. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that he lay in fierce humour on his deathbed, refusing all pretence of forgiveness to his enemies of the Lancastrian faction. When on the last day the doors of the chamber were left open for all to enter and see him dying, Sir Richard Stury, it was said, came to make his peace. But the sight of him only roused in the Prince a sense of the injustice of the Fates. * Come, Richard,' he said, ' come and look on what you have long desired to see.' ' G-od pay you according to your deserts/ he replied to the man's protestations ; ' leave me, and let me see your face no more.' A few hours later he made a more Christian ending.¹ As there was no room on the mound where his ancestors were buried in Westminster Abbey for any other tomb save that of his father, his body was carried to Canterbury, as he had himself requested.² There he lies, as it were in sullen exile and mute protestation against the degeneracy of his house, far from the father whose folly he had vainly tried t'o correct, and the son whose doom he might foresee, but could not avert.

It was not without meaning that a cry of lamentation rose throughout the country on the news of his death.³ We must not indeed attribute to him virtues he did not possess. He had in the French wars committed acts of violence and cruelty that shocked even his own generation. But the massacre at Limoges seems to have been a spasmodic outbreak of wickedness not akin to his general character. Bishop Brunton of Rochester, a man as critical of his contemporaries as Langland or Wycliffe, speaks in high praise, not only of his wisdom, but of his goodness ; not only of his courtesy to the great, but of his kindness to the poor as landlord and master. But whatever his character as a man, he could probably, as a King, have saved England from the violence of

¹ *Chron. Ang.*, 88-92. ² Stanley's *Westminster Abbey* (2nd ed.), 146-8.

* *Chron. Ang.*, 91, 92 ; Wals. i, 321 ; Wycliffe, *Poi. Works*, ii. 417-8 J Bishop Brnnton, *O* E. B.*, 98-100.